

## **Sleepover** by **MoskaFleur**, **oldmoviebuff**

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Ass to Mouth, Bottom Eddie Kaspbrak, Canon Gay Character, First Time, Gay Richie Tozier, Gay Sex, M/M, Oral Sex, Sleep Groping, Sleeping Together, Sleepovers, Top Richie Tozier, about to finish highschool, ben is so done, but this time we went for eddie ass, eddie you fucking pervert, i think they switch and i love my bottom richie, lord forgive me, richie tozier eats ass, they're 18 or so

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**Summary:**

Eddie's too curious for a teenager and fucks everything up.

# Sleepover

## Author's Note:

We roleplayed this thing a couple of weeks ago.  
(Moska = Richie, Emma = Eddie)  
I edited it and here it is. Nothing special but we were  
horny.  
Enjoy!

Eddie tossed and turned under the blankets, eventually kicking the sheets off of his legs.

It was too damn hot. How the hell was Richie sleeping through this?!

Eddie turned over on the bed and could just make out Richie's form in the dim light coming in from the window.

*Oohhh, that's how.*

Richie, at some point, shed his night shirt and was now sleeping peacefully in his boxers. Eddie could just see the top of them from the disturbed sheets he'd kicked off his own side of the bed.

Richie sound asleep with his shirt off. This was just a little too easy.

Eddie smirked to himself as he brought a single finger to tickle at the center of his chest. Richie hadn't moved at the touch of his finger, so maybe Eddie had gone in a little too light. He tickled a little bit more intentionally, and quickly drew his hand away, waiting for Richie to wake up suddenly. When he didn't, Eddie laughed silently to himself and decided to see just how far he could take this.

He started with a curious finger tickling just under Richie's bent arm, right on the side of his ribcage.

He didn't dare go right for the armpit. It was too hot and Richie was definitely sweaty 'in there'. Besides, an armpit tickle would definitely be too unsanitary anyway.

When Richie didn't stir at the ribcage tickle, Eddie chuckled to

himself again. He'd been splitting a bed with Richie at sleepovers for years and never realized how deep of a sleeper he actually was. He carefully and lightly dragged his finger back towards the center of his chest, dusting over the downy chest hair he had recently began to grow. He even considered pinching one of his nipples but that might actually hurt if done to an unsuspecting victim and Richie's retaliation could be worse.

Before he knew it, the rest of his fingers had joined in on this 'tickling experiment' and, over the next few minutes, Eddie carefully graced his fingers across Richie's chest at varying degrees of pressure. A small poke here, a feathery tickle there. All throughout, Richie remained as still and as unconscious as a passed out drunk at 4am.

Eddie turned to look at Richie's face as he continued his experiment. He was almost afraid that Richie *was* awake, but faking being asleep to jump out at Eddie at any moment. But Richie's face was purely relaxed at peaceful. It'd been a while since Eddie just looked at Richie's face. He didn't need to. Even if he wanted to take a good look at Richie's face, the trashmouth was usually running at full blast. Annoying as ever.

But Eddie could, now. Richie's face had begun to change with puberty, his jaw was growing into a more defined shape and he was indeed "growing into his looks" as Bev had put it.

He causally wondered what Richie would look like at 25 or 35? What would *he* look like?

While he was taking mental notes of Richie's rarely still face, Eddie's tickling was subconsciously turning into something softer. What he was doing with his hand on Richie's chest had long stopped being defined as a tickle.

Closer to a caress at this point.

Well, obviously the tickling wasn't going to be enough to wake Richie up. That was all.

Logically, this was the next step.

Eddie's hand had begun to move lower and lower towards Richie's stomach.

Surely *this* would wake him up.

Richie stiffened in his sleep, chest raising with each deep breath, and Eddie pulled his hand away sharply. He wondered what Richie would be dreaming of.

But Richie didn't even flinch and so he slowly brought his hand back. Whatever it was he was dreaming about really had him hooked.

He cautiously graced his fingers across Richie's stomach, and he noticed that Richie's face wasn't the only part of him that was 'growing into his looks' so to speak.

Richie, and Eddie for that matter, had always been lean, but in the last year or so, they'd started losing their baby fat.

Richie wasn't muscular by any means but his shoulders were wide enough to set up camp on them.

Eddie's fingers traced his stomach.

He started just below his slightly protruding ribcage, tensing as he saw goosebumps forming on Richie's skin as he went. He didn't stir though, so Eddie continued tracing until he got to his bellybutton.

He stole a quick glance back up at Richie. Surely he was awake and just messing with him now.

Eddie concentrated as hard as he could on Richie's face in the dim light.

No movement, no twitch, no anything.

After a cautiously tense minute of staring, Eddie turned his attention back to his hand. In the time he'd been staring at Richie's face, his hand had inadvertently slipped a little lower.

He couldn't see it properly in the dark, but he could feel something underneath his fingers. He flicked them slightly and realized what it

was.

The very top of Richie's "happy trail". The hair was soft and curly beneath his fingers.

He froze. *Shit.*

Was this going too far?

This was just him seeing how deeply Richie was asleep. This would be useful knowledge to have for future pranks.

Just think what he and the other Losers could accomplish at their next sleepover, with Richie this open to any attack.

Eddie glanced just a little further down, unable to help himself.

He could just make out the top of Richie's boxers from the sheet draped across his waist.

He held his breath and moved as slow as possible as he carefully pulled the sheet up and off of Richie, gently setting back down just below his boxer shorts. He unconsciously bit his lip.

Eddie waited another minute to see if the loss of blanket disturbed Richie, but his chest continued to rise and fall evenly, with no sign of waking up. Eddie noticed his heart was beating faster as his hand hovered above the clothed area.

The goal *was* to wake Richie up. So why was he suddenly afraid of what would happen if he did?

That internal question dissolved as his hand moved of its own accord and landed softly just past the hem. He could feel the cushy hair just underneath. Eddie felt a twist in his stomach as he tentatively explored Richie's lower abdomen. The knot in his gut and the pounding in his chest came to an abrupt stand still when the tip of his pinky grazed against something that was decidedly *not* flat skin.

Eddie snapped his hand back like he'd just been burned.

He looked at the spot his hand had grazed. Sure enough, in the dim

light from the window, Eddie could make out the mound of Richie's-

*Shit. Shit. Shit.*

Eddie decided enough was enough and went to pull the covers back over Richie. As he reached for the sheet, the palm of his hand glanced across the top of Richie's dick. He froze in place, terrified to move.

He instantly regretted his decision, however, when he suddenly felt Richie twitch underneath his palm.

He felt sweat collect at his forehead and he bit hard into his lower lip to muffle his breathing.

What the hell was he supposed to do now?

He glanced up at Richie's face and back to his hand several times before he noticed movement.

Not from Richie, but from himself. His fingers lowered to the small bulge under his palm. He watched in a mixture of terror and something else, as his own hand delicately cupped the bulge. His fingers gently curled in as he started to softly drag his fingernails over and around the hardening flesh. He could feel the heat of it through the thin layer of fabric separating his skin from Richie's.

Richie bolted awake, kicking Eddie's hand away and sitting up in his spot. His breathing uneven as if he'd just had a nightmare.

Eddie felt his face go red then white. Richie had woken up so suddenly he didn't have time to fall back onto the bed and pretend he was asleep. He'd been caught red handed.

The taller man was disoriented for a couple of seconds as he registered his surroundings and realized that Eddie was awake too looking at him. Then he felt it.

The heat in his crotch.

He made an undignified sound and tried to get up from the bed but decided against it because his erection would be more visible that way. He settled for covering himself with the sheets again and prayed to every deity known to man that Eddie hadn't seen it.

But he had, of course he had. Why else would he be looking at him with that face. Or avoiding his face, more like it.

"I-Uh!" Eddie scrambled, panicking and looking everywhere but at Richie. "I-I'm sorry! I'm suddenly not feeling good! I'll just g-go home... k?" Eddie didn't even wait for an answer, jumping immediately off bed and facing away from Richie as much as possible.

When had *he* gotten an erection? He immediately clammored for his clothes and made a mad dash to the bathroom in order to get dressed and out of there as soon as he could.

Richie stood there, mortified. He put on his shirt and thought about Eddie's mom naked to get rid of his erection.

*Irony.*

He could hear Eddie changing, shuffling, struggling with his clothes. His life was forfeit and their friendship, buried.

He wanted to cry. He wouldn't until Eddie left, though.

*Fuck. FUCK.*

Of course he had to have an erotic dream while sleeping in the same bed as Eddie. Whose idea had it been anyway? Because it was pretty fucking stupid.

He wanted to die. Eddie would never look at him the same way. He wouldn't want to talk to him. What would they tell the Losers? Surely they would notice that something had happened, eventually. He paced around the room trying to contain the tears as well as his panic attack.

Eddie was too deep in shit to properly deal with his erection. He tried all the usual tricks he'd learned when he'd started popping accidental boners during puberty, but he couldn't make himself concentrate on it.

He'd given Richie an erection. *On purpose.*

Well, not on purpose, but he certainly hadn't stopped himself. He certainly didn't *need* to test out his stupid tickle experiment. But he had and now here he was. On the verge of tears, desperately grateful he'd worn one of his loose pairs of shorts to Richie's house.

He'd be able to shove his shameful erection in them and all he'd have to do was cover it with his sleepover gear and make a quick escape.

*God! Shit! Fuck!* How was he ever going to face Richie again?! What the shit had he done?! What did Richie even think of him now?!

Eddie gathered his backpack and his toiletry kit awkwardly in front of him and reached for the door handle.

The moment Eddie came out of the bathroom, Richie bolted and quickly got into bed, pretending to be asleep again, his back turned to Eddie. His mind repeating *'Please, please, don't hate me'* like a mantra.

Eddie, being too focused on making sure he was covered, hadn't noticed Richie leaping into his bed. So he was a shade relieved when he finally looked up into the dark room and saw his silhouette under the covers.

Deep down Eddie knew there was no way Richie could possibly be asleep now. He had to be pretending. Good. This was good. Richie was choosing to ignore it. To ignore him. Well, it wasn't good.

And that was another thing Eddie knew deep down, Richie would *never* ignore him.



But Eddie's stomach sank as he took one last look at Richie's mass, crumpled under the blankets. Eddie was going to have to ignore him. Entirely. There was no fucking way he'd ever be able to face Richie. Not alone. Not after what he'd done.

And worse, not after how he'd reacted. He swallowed the horrible lump in his throat and quietly left the bedroom.

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Eddie sat in a secluded corner of the school library, fervently bent over a book and fervently scribbling notes in a notebook.

With how much he'd been studying in the past two weeks, he was sure to get the best grades he'd ever had. Not that he'd had much of a choice.... After the Richie Incident, Eddie was thankful that final exams were coming up.

He had a prepackaged and viable excuse to duck out of every Loser social engagement he could. He was also somewhat thankful for his mom. He could use her 'her-ness' as an excuse to get out of any group studying the Losers had proposed.

"Sorry guys... Mom's insisting. She says I really need to get my grades up this year or I'm confined to the house for the summer..."

Nevermind that his grades were currently fine, the other Losers knew his mom well enough to believe that kind of bullshit and it worked as a get-out-of-hangout free card. Time was running out though.

Exams were only a few days away and then there'd be nothing standing between him and the rest of the Losers. Or Richie. That had been the hardest part of this whole fucking fiasco.

He'd lost his best friend because he was an idiot who couldn't control

himself.

In the past two weeks, he'd really only seen him when they'd shared a class, though he kept his eyes forward on the teacher for a change.

And when they all sat together at lunch. Eddie'd started taking the seat at the end of the table so there wouldn't be any room for Richie to logically sit next to him. He'd also started bringing his text books to lunch as well, so he could keep up the farce of studying non-stop. It'd resulted in him not eating at lunch, so he wouldn't have the opportunity to engage in conversation during a 'study break'. Which worked out fine for him anyway. He hadn't had much of an appetite since this whole 'internal exile' of his began.

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Richie suddenly sat in front of him. How had he found him? He couldn't tell, but there he was. So he averted his eyes, focussing on his textbook like he hadn't noticed. Perhaps trying to make his discomfort obvious so Richie would leave it there and go back where he came from.

"Alright, we're gonna talk about this 'cause this fucking sucks and you don't have the balls to come to me, so I'm- I'm coming to you, yeah, fuck you"

"Fuck me? **Fuck you!**" Eddie replied hotly, his voice rising and immediately felt guilty afterwards, and not just because the librarian shushed him. "Look, I fucked up, I don't know how to do this, I- I just-"

Richie stood up then, walked over to him and grabbed his forearm. "Not here, come with me"

Richie dragged him to one of the deserted classrooms, whose door happened to be unlocked. He left his bag on the floor and just stared at Eddie with that nervous yet sad expression. And Eddie thought *'this*

*is it, this is gonna be the most embarrassing and awful day of my life. This is the moment I lose him'.*

"I'm sorry" they said in unison.

Then an awkward silence came and they both looked at each other confusedly.

Richie started talking then. That awfully irritating tone he used to escape all kinds of situations. Resorting to humor when things got ugly. "What are you sorry for? I'm the one who made this weird, I fucked up. Eds, I'm sorry, okay? I- I do have an excuse. I was having this dream and, well, fuck, it happens, okay? Actually, I was dreaming about your mom, so-

*Why the hell was Richie sorry?* "I'm sorry, what?" Eddie spouted, a little dumbfounded and very confused.

"What do you mean *'what'*? I'm telling you! Okay, yeah, I had a boner, I'm sorry. I know it was fucking weird with you there but, man, I can't control my dreams, okay? I couldn't do anything about it" he thought he was finished with that but he felt the sudden urge to add more to it. Because he's an idiot. "It's a perfectly normal reaction! Morning woods, man! One of humanities most mysterious enigmas, if you will. Can't stop them, can't avoid them. And me dreaming of your mom in a bikini did not help, Eds!" It did help to kill his boner, though. *Funny that.*

"Normal reaction? *Normal reaction?! That wasn't a 'normal reaction' fuckwad! That was me fucking touching you in your sleep!*" Eddie froze. It wasn't like he didn't mean to say it. The guilt had been eating away at him for weeks. But he thought he'd feel better after confessing.

He didn't.

He clapped his hands over his mouth, but the damage was done.

Richie frowned but his eyes were huge, even more behind his glasses. "What"

"I-I gotta go" Eddie made to leave, but Richie grabbed his arm and held him firm before he could bolt again.

"Fuck you! What did you-?" He said more angrily.

"I- You were asleep... with your shirt off... It was hot, remember?" Eddie flustered. He bit down the asthma attack he could feel tightening across his lungs.

*Fuck it.* He might as well get it all out in the open now. The sooner he did, the sooner he could rip off the bandaid of Richie's pure and utter hatred of him for the rest of his natural life, and the sooner he could start to deal with *that*.

"I decided to tickle you to wake you up, but you were sleeping like a fucking rock! I kept tickling you and- I- one thing lead to another-"

Richie just stared at him dumbfounded. "**What?!**" He said stupidly, with a stupid expression.

"I'm sorry! Ok?! I'm so fucking sorry! I didn't mean to-" Tears started welling in his eyes. This shit really hurt. It hurt way more than he thought it would. Couldn't Richie just tell him to fuck off and be done with it? He felt his breath shortening and he stumbled into the nearest desk. Collapsing into it and trying to not have to reach for his inhaler.

Richie's face was a poem. His mind had stopped working. He wasn't even looking at Eddie anymore. He could feel his heart threatening to jump out of his chest.

With it getting harder and harder to breathe, Eddie couldn't hold back the tears of shame and whatever else he was feeling that had been eating away at his very core for the past few weeks. He finally gave up and his trembling hand fumbled to his pocket in an attempt to 'placebo' away his panic attack.

The shuffling woke Richie out of his trance and he turned to Eddie,

who was a mess. He didn't even think it twice. He teared the inhaler from Eddie's clammy hands and threw it away somewhere behind himself.

"Look at me, Eds, you don't need this shit!" he snapped.

Eddie frowned, tears running down his face, slowly calming down, eyes not leaving Richie's for the first time in weeks. And Richie melted at the sight. "What the hell is going on, Eddie? I'm, I'm not alright, this is- ugh I don't understand anything. Why do you do this to me? I thought we were friends!"

Eddie took a few moments to slow is breathing, the side effect was more tears and a beet read face. "I didn't *mean* to-" He forrowed his brow as he tried desperately to keep his breathing even.

But he had. At least at the end. The beginning had been innocent enough. He was sure. "But that's fine, ya know? I thought we were doing a pretty good job of not being friends!" He spat. Mostly in anger at himself.

Whether he meant to or not was irrelevant. This was all his own doing.

Richie felt a pang of pain in his stomach. He had been avoiding sharing his feelings, fearing Eddie would hate him for it and now that wasn't even the worst of his problems.

The fact that Eddie was fine with not being around him was worse because it meant they didn't see their friendship the same way.

He didn't mean to Eddie what Eddie meant to him. Love be damned, Richie could live without bringing it up, but this? This hurt worse than anything had ever hurt him.

He wanted to ask why. If Eddie had found out, or figured it out — since Bowers was always using it against him— why had he turned into Bowers 2.0 and messed with him when he was most vulnerable? Eddie wasn't cruel like that. Eddie was an annoying little shit, he was irritating and too scared of everything. He was caring, he had always

been. Why was this happening to them? To him?

But Richie could not bring himself to ask, to ponder, because he was very close to crying and he refused to do it in front of Eddie. Not like this. So he got up and made to leave.

"Wait!" Eddie called out to Richie between silent tears. He hated the look on Richie's face. "I really didn't mean it, Rich..." He said meekly.

"Then why?"

Eddie felt his head begin to spin as he stood up. If he was doing this, he was going to look Richie as in the eye as he could.

But as he stood and tried to gather his thoughts, he hit a wall.

*Why indeed?*

Not why did he mess with Rich in his sleep, but why did he take it too far? What pushed him over the edge?

Somewhere, deep in a dark corner of his mind, an ugly, terrifying answer reared its head. That inkling took what little stamina and bravery he had left and quashed it into the ground. Eddie collapsed back into the desk, flinging his head into his hands.

Then Richie left.

Eddie made sure Richie was far from the room and earshot before he scrambled to find his inhaler. He took a deep shot of it before sliding down to the floor, against the nearest desk and crying until the final bell rang.

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**-Late July-**

Eddie quietly hummed to himself as he perused the 'Arts & Architecture' section of the local bookshop. Ben's birthday sleepover was tonight and he had put off getting him a present for days. He finally decided on a nice copy of Frank Lloyd Wright sketches and notes before he went home to pack and wrap his present. He was looking forward to tonight. The Losers had been hanging out all summer, but they hadn't had a proper sleepover on weeks.

Well, not all the Losers.

Richie had thankfully gone to a theater camp for the summer. He remembered being equally happy and utterly wrecked when he told the group. Richie had insisted that his parents surprised him with it so he had no choice but to go. But at the same time he seemed really excited. He'd gone on and on about an improv workshop he was eager to try. Eddie said his goodbyes to him with the rest of the Losers, but that had been it.

No letters, no phone calls. Not from Eddie's end, that is. On his desk at home sat a whole pile of unopened letters he'd gotten from Richie.

Eddie'd been too scared to open them. Too afraid of what Richie would say. Even if it didn't turn out to be letter after letter of Richie calling all the worst things imaginable, Eddie was also terrified of the other possibility.

What if Richie somehow forgave him? No, what Eddie did and felt was unforgivable. Even if Richie *did* forgive him, Eddie wouldn't allow it. Eddie just played along with everyone else when they talked about the letters Richie had sent them. Somehow they'd mutually, silently agreed that none of the others should know about their falling out. They didn't want to load that on to them.

That or they were both too afraid to tell them.

Eddie shuddered at the questions that would surely follow.

And after six weeks of being away from Richie, Eddie was still shocked that he didn't know the answers to any of them. All he knew was that it felt like a piece of his actual soul had been ripped out.

Eddie straightened his hair to the side as he waited for someone to open the door. He could already smell the pizza wafting through the door tonight was going to be fun. Maybe it might even make him forget about Richie. At least for the night.

They were halfway through their pizzas and their first movie before they all heard a knock at the door. Ben mumbled something about an aunt that might've wanted to stop by. But it wasn't an aunt who stepped through the door. Much to Eddie's panic, it was Richie.

"What's up, fuckers!" Richie greeted them as he closed the door behind him.

The jaws of everyone in the room collectively dropped as Richie bursted into the room, bringing all the energy Eddie realized he'd been aching for all summer. He forced an 'unforced' smile on his face as he joined in with the others' "whaddya doin here man?" and "we thought you'd be gone for another week!"

He tastefully managed to shove a plate of pizza in Richie's hands before either of them would be expected to hug, as the others had done.

"Well, I wasn't about to miss your birthday, man. Who do you take me for, huh? I am offended" he tried to remain serious but couldn't hold back a smile. "I asked to be 'released' sooner and they couldn't say no to this beautiful face" he said with one of his obnoxious feminine voices before biting into his pizza.

Eddie's heart fluttered and he pushed the nauseous feeling in his stomach down. This felt normal. It felt like old times. Maybe Richie had forgotten and maybe, just maybe Eddie could let himself forget



too. If only just for the party.

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After the pizza and the movie, they'd moved on to gifts and cake. Everyone fell into easy conversation with Ben over his presents and what Richie missed while he was away, and what fun he'd had at camp.

Eddie was careful to not allow himself to get too close to Richie or to engage him in direct conversation. He made sure to chime in here and there so that he didn't call attention to himself, and everything was working out pretty smoothly.

Aside from the little thing digging at the back of his mind, it really did feel like how it had before.

Maybe it *could* be like it had been before. Maybe he and Richie could look back on that sleepover and their little fight as a stupid teen angst thing one day.

But when Eddie dared to catch Richie's eye from across the table, his hopes were dashed. Richie's face faltered for the briefest of moments and his smile melted away, before he was distracted by a question from Bev.

It couldn't go back to the way it was before. Eddie knew it. It was his own fault after all. He slipped back into 'fringe of the polite party talk' mode and continued in that manner up until everyone was ready to go to bed.

Then he was thrown a curveball.

Mike and Bill would split the futon in the basement, Ben *insisted* Bev take his bed while he slept in the LaZBoy chair in the living room

with Stan on the couch, and Richie and Eddie would split the guest bed.

*Of fucking course*, they would.

How did Eddie forget that? That was always the sleeping arrangement, and who were they to argue? It would only draw questions. Bill and Mike remained in the basement, Bev headed to Ben's room, and Ben and Stan had gone back downstairs to set up in the living room, leaving Eddie and Richie in the hall, staring at each other.

"Hey- let's just not make this weird, okay? You stay on your side of the bed and I'll stay on mine" Richie swallowed and walked into the guest-room before Eddie could think of a response.

He was silently relieved when Richie took control of the situation and set the ground rules for the night. *Good*. They could just go to bed and get this shitty night over with. He followed Richie into the room and plopped his overnight bag on the side of the bed that hadn't been claimed.

Richie opened his bag and picked pajama pants, dropping them on the bed before starting to take his shirt off. And suddenly he felt very self-conscious of the situation.

He turned around so he wasn't facing Eddie when he did.

Eddie flushed and fought back the tears that were rapidly climbing to his eyes. They'd never been like this before. Richie would never have shied away from him before. All because he couldn't control himself. Eddie quickly grabbed his bag and ran into the guest bathroom to change, giving Richie his privacy.

The silence was dreadful.

"Shit- fuck!" Richie threw away his shirt instead of putting it in his bag. He didn't care. Fuck it. He tried to collect himself, as he got into

bed, his back to Eddie's side. God, he missed him so much it hurt.

They had never spent so much time apart or not talking. It was almost sickening. He didn't know what to do. They don't teach this kind of stuff in class.

Eddie waited until he heard the bed shift through the door. He quietly changed into his pj shorts and lamented that he didn't have anything thicker or more conservative to wear. He would've packed differently had he known Richie would be there... But then again, he wouldn't have come if he *had* known.

He took his sweet time washing his face and brushing his teeth, giving Richie plenty of time to fall asleep before he crept out of the bathroom and climbed into his side of the bed.

Richie held his breath when he felt Eddie join him. But eventually he had to get more oxygen or die.

Dying didn't sound too bad.

He breathed hard and heard Eddie stiff. Funny how he found himself at loss for words in a moment like this. Perhaps it was for the best. But Richie didn't believe it for a second.

Eddie tucked in on himself even more, pulling the blanket higher over his shoulder. He squeezed his eyes shut and just waited for this night to pass.

But Richie could not keep pretending he was alright. He turned and stared at Eddie's back. He seemed tense. '*Duh*' he thought.

How had they ended up like this? All because Richie had a crush. No, it wasn't just a crush and he knew it. It had been going on for years now. This might not go away. He couldn't wait it off. How had Eddie found out and why did he use it against him? He never gave him an answer, he'd rather not be friends with Richie than tell him.

Eddie *knew* he was staring at him, he could feel his gaze sharp like a knife stabbing his nape. After a few agonizing moments, Eddie felt his

temper rise. Why couldn't Richie just leave well enough alone. He sat up suddenly. "What!" he spurted out in a harsh whisper.

Richie backed off a bit if that was possible, seeing as he was already on the edge of the bed. Then sat up. " -the fuck is your problem, asshole?! I didn't say anything!"

"I can feel your eyes on me! Why can't you just leave me alone? Why do you have to be like that!?! " He gestured wildly, all the emotions he'd been let build over the summer and tonight were all suddenly crashing down on him.

"Because I fucking miss your stupid ass!" Richie said loud enough that it was about to not be a whisper. "You don't give a shit, I get it, you've done an amazing job at making that clear! But don't tell me what to feel. Fuck you!" Richie fell back onto the bed, staring at the ceiling, fighting the urge to cry. He would not. Not now.

This slapped the rage right out of Eddie. "You... You miss me?"

"I'm not gonna say it again" he said, his voice almost cracking.

Eddie heard the cracking in Richie's voice and couldn't take it. He felt his chest tightening and he couldn't get enough air to wrap his head around this new information.

"But- after-... W-what... I did-"

"I just- I don't understand why you'd do that. I'm sorry, okay? I can't change how I feel, maybe it'll just go away on its own but did you have to humiliate me?" he bit down a sob. He felt so small all of a sudden. "I thought we were friends".

"What do you mean... how *you* feel?" His breath was coming back to him, but a little sharper and quicker now. He could feel his cheeks tingle and he began to hyperventilate. "You don't hate me? After what I did? "

"I don't know! Dude, why the fuck did you do that!?" he said sitting up again to have a proper conversation. "And breathe, Jesus Christ, I'm supposed to be the dramatic one!"

"I told you. I *don't know*..." Eddie tried to even his breathing and felt himself go lightheaded instead. His vision blurred a little in the dark and he started to wobble. "You were just there and- I couldn't help myself. You looked so peaceful in your sleep. So still. I-I-I'd never seen you so still. And, one thing lead to another..." His head swam and he teetered over, accidentally in the direction of Richie.

"Again with that 'one thing lead to another'? What does that even mean?" Richie was somewhere between pissed and confused. He just wanted this to end but he couldn't do it if Eddie wasn't honest with him. "You said you touched me, why? Just tell me the truth, Eds!" He fell back onto the bed again. He was emotionally tired, but his body was fully awake.

Richie had fallen back on the bed near his head and for some reason, that calmed him. The proximity to him just slowed everything down and he was able to breathe again, no matter how upset he currently was. And that's when it hit him. *That* was why.

"Because I wanted to" Eddie finally admitted to himself and Richie. Fresh tears burned his eyes as he pressed his fists into them.

Richie turned his head in his direction. "Why?" he whispered weakly.

He knew something was happening here between them. Something big.

"Because... I like you"

There it was. What had been eating away at him for years was finally out in the open. He shuddered to think how Richie was going to react to that. But it couldn't have been any worse than this hell.

There was silence for a few seconds before Richie spoke. "For real?"

"Yeah" Eddie confessed.

"I... like you too, Eddie"

"W-what?" He whimpered. Peeling his fists away from his reddened eyes. This couldn't be happening.

"I- I feel the same way, I guess" Richie whispered. He felt safe in the dark.

Eddie turned his head to look at the boy next to him even though he couldn't see shit. "You don't think I... took advantage of you? That I'm a freak? A pervert? It was wrong, so wrong. " His lip trembled as he tried to make out Richie's expression on the dark.

"Oh, you're definitely a pervert, alright" Richie laughed quietly. "Who would've thought, huh? Not me."

Eddie huffed. Leave it to fucking Trashmouth Tozier to mouth off at a time like this.

At that, Richie felt Eddie shift and he almost tried to cover himself fearing Eddie might suckerpunch him for being a dick about it, but it never happened. "I guess... I'd feel different about it if I didn't- you know, like you?" He couldn't believe this was happening and couldn't help the little smirk playing on his lips. It felt so easy. He had said it twice in less than 2 minutes. "But I was asleep so I don't even know what you did-"

"It was just a tickle"

"A tickle, huh? Alright then, keep your secrets " He sounded so conceited all of a sudden. Eddie might end up punching him after all.

Eddie frowned and angrily crossed his arms over his chest.

"Can I hug you? I've missed you " Richie's voice came quietly in the dark.

Eddie quelled the shiver that ran through him. "I missed you too" He trailed off, not answering Richie's question, but scooting slightly closer to him. He could feel Richie's body heat and it made his heart pound.

It was awkward because he couldn't properly throw his arms around him as they were, laying on the bed, both turned on their side to face

each other. But he tried, and held Eddie close to him, hand in the back of his neck.

That's just something Richie does. The 'hand-on-the-back-of-his-neck' thing. To him in particular. An habit he acquired years ago.

"What the hell are you doing, Rich?" He crooked his head awkwardly to look up at him. Even as his skin warmed where Richie's hand was touching.

Richie backed off so fast his heart almost leaps out of his mouth. He muttered something that sounded like a hushed apology but was unintelligible.

"Just hug me, dickwad! Like a normal person!" Eddie repositioned himself onto his elbow to look down at him.

Richie hesitated but then did so. And he let his face on the crook of Eddie's neck. He had missed him so much. He had forgotten Eddie's scent. Sounds weirder than it was.

Eddie melted against Richie and wrapped his arms around his torso. His breath hitched as he felt Richie nuzzle into his skin.

"This isn't wrong. Everyone thinks it is but- but it isn't. How could it be?" Richie whispered against his skin.

Eddie felt confused tears roll down his cheeks. The emotional stress that he had been under. *Both* of them had been under. It honestly felt like a piece of him had been missing and now that Richie was back, the piece was back. He felt whole again.

Richie broke the embrace and fell into the bed close to him. "That night I was dreaming of you. Like, well, it was a hot dream, like you-you touched me in places and I just couldn't help it, you know? I woke up when your hand was down there" he laughed to himself. "And I woke up and I had a boner next to you so I panicked a little bit" but his smile faded. "I didn't want you to see it, didn't want you to feel uncomfortable. But you were awake too, and I thought: *fuck*".

Eddie couldn't help but laugh. That whole fucking time, Richie had been just as freaked out by his behavior as Eddie had been.

"I really *did* start out trying to see how long it would take you to wake up." He chuckled, before his face turned a little more serious. "But then, well... I actually started looking at you. I didn't realize then that it was because I found you... attractive, I guess." He propped himself up on his elbow so he could better look at Richie. "Then... I guess my hands just did what my brain wouldn't admit... I accidentally touched you *down there*..." He pointed at Richie's groin. "And... I couldn't stop myself... I should have, Richie. I'm really sorry about that... If you'll ever forgive me."

Richie stared at him in the dark. "Is that... something you'd like to do again?"

Eddie sat upright, staring hard at Richie. In the dark he couldn't honestly tell if he was joking or not. "Are you seriously asking? Because I swear to fucking Christ, Richie, if you're fucking with me..."

"Do you think I'd joke in a moment like this?!"

"Yeah! Probably!"

"Fair point, but no I'm not!"

Eddie pursed his lips together and laid back down next to Richie. "Ok" He said quietly, so quietly that he barely heard himself. Not that he didn't *want* to do it. More like he'd never thought in a million years that Richie would even ask.

Richie could tell Eddie was nervous. He seemed unsure, but he was dying to touch him. "What about... being touched, is that something you'd want?"

"Yes" he said equally as quietly. He was still trying to wrap his head around this whole thing. "But I *want* to touch you, Richie"

He felt his ears redden and he was so glad the darkness was covering his blush.

"Okay, show me then" It sounded almost like a question with how nervous he was.

Eddie repositioned himself to where he was sitting the same way he



had *that night*. He started as he had before, with gentle tickles across his chest and near his ribcage...

Richie squirmed a bit. "That tickles"

"Oh, sure, *now* you're fucking reacting to it!" Eddie laughed quietly in mock offence. He gave him a few more tickles for good measure before he slowly started to turn them into gentle tracings along his skin.

Richie swallowed and just looked at Eddie in the dark. He couldn't see much, but just enough to distinguish his features. He was becoming a very handsome man, and one that liked Richie back.

He felt his chest warm at the thought. *'I'm so soft on you'* he thought.

Eddie pursed his lips as he concentrated on Richie's stomach. He was trying to remember exactly what he'd done that night. He next trailed his finger over Richie's stomach, starting at the top and gradually making his way down. Richie's breath quickened a bit.

Eddie reached his navel and paused, looking over to Richie. "Here is where... Uh... It stopped being a tickle..." Eddie gulped.

Of course that wasn't the truth. He was sure they *both* knew that line had already been crossed. But he said it more along the lines of: 'If you want me to stop, now would be the time.'

Richie breathed hard. He was already hard just from a few intimate touches and the prospect of more. He remained silent, hoping it would be enough of a positive response. Not everyone was capable of leaving Richie Tozier speechless.

He knew that Richie hadn't stopped him, but after the guilt he felt from before, that just wasn't enough.

Before he could ask for permission, Richie grabbed his hand and pressed it against his cock.

Eddie let out a gasp at the sudden jolt of movement, and where his hand ended up, but he didn't resist or pull away when Richie released his hand, leaving it to rest on the bulge.

*Jesus fucking Christ.* Richie was already rock hard.

Eddie turned to look at Richie then back down at where his hand was resting. He slowly opened up his hand so that the flat of his palm was sitting on top of the hard flesh. He then let out a deep breath as he slowly closed his fingers around Richie, gently caging in the erection. He curled his fingers in just a bit. Just enough so that his nails would drag along the outside, teasingly as he lifted his hand slightly.

"Jesus Christ" Richie muttered. His hand grasped Eddie's neck and pulled him closer so he could put his face its crook, and nuzzled it.

"Is it good?" Eddie asked hesitantly.

Richie left an open-mouthed kiss on his neck. "Can I touch you too?" His hand has drift to Eddie's nape where his fingers played with his hair.

"Yeah" Eddie trailed off as he felt Richie's fingers against him. He reset his hand to the base of Richie's bulge and delicately raked his fingernails over it.

Richie moved his hand to Eddie's naked thigh. God bless pajama shorts. Eddie's breath hitched and Richie took it as a sign that whatever he was doing it was working, so he dragged it to the inner side and up, slowly, feeling Eddie's pulse in his tongue.

"Kiss me?" Eddie nearly whined.

He'd never *kissed* anyone before. Not officially. Not like you would a lover. He rested his hand over Richie's erection again, but this time gave it the tiniest squeeze, that was turning into a gentle kneading at Richie's dick, curling a finger here and there, as Richie's mouth made its way to his, not before leaving a trail of soft kisses on his jaw and cheek.

Richie caught Eddie's upper lip between his and hummed as his hand reached Eddie's cock through the clothing.

Eddie gasped into Richie's mouth at the sudden touch, accidentally turning Richie's kiss into a much deeper one. But Eddie rolled with it. He lulled his eyes closed and groaned as his dick hardened further

under Richie's hand.

The shorter man suddenly realized that the elbow propping him on his side was starting to cramp in this position. He awkwardly pulled himself free from Richie's mouth and hand, and climbed on top of him, straddling his legs to either side, sitting just below his barely contained erection.

"Are you trying to kill me, Kaspbrak?"

"Do you mind?" Eddie asked nervously. He grazed his hand across Richie's erection once more and slowly ground against it himself.

"*Do I mind?*" Jesus, Eddie, I-" he didn't even know what to do. "I'd do anything you wanted me to"

Eddie fell forward, flush onto Richie. "Fuck me?" He asked timidly, while he started grinding his erection against Richie's. "It- You don't- You don't have to *go in*" he whined between gasps at their friction. "I just want us to...You know... Together"

Richie nodded stupidly, no words coming out of his mouth as his hands grasped at Eddie's hips. "I love you"

"You *love* me?" Eddie whimpered into Richie's neck. He stopped grinding as the words ran through him.

"Yeah" he swallowed and whispered against his neck. "You don't have to but just- I do" his hands caressed Eddie's sides.

"I fucking love you too, asshole!" Eddie peppered Richie's neck, jaw, and face with kisses.

Richie's hands went to Eddie's thighs, his fingers running along their back and up his ass, inside his shorts. The world could end right now and he'd die happy, with Eddie moaning against his mouth and rocking against him desperately.

He managed to properly grab Eddie's ass, spreading him, the tips of his fingers reaching the crack.

"I don't know what I'm doing, Eds, I don't know if this is alright but

I'm so fucking horny. Do you like it?"

Eddie kissed his chin a few times before pushing himself up a bit. "It feels good but..." He moaned as Richie squeezed his ass once more. "Could we take our pajamas off?"

"I- that's not a good idea, shit, they could come in any second!" Richie picked the covers and dragged them up to cover them. His hands went back to his ass and rocked his hips against Eddie so that their cocks rubbed against each other. He moaned. "We could just-" He freed their dicks without getting rid of their pants. Eddie's cock dripped precum on his. "*Oh my God*".

Eddie moaned suddenly at the change in pressure on his dick now that it was allowed to bounce free from his pjs. He stole a look down at both of them and almost came himself. "I'm pretty sure the door has a lock, Rich..."

"Sorry, Eds, can't move, too horny, just come here"

Eddie rolled his eyes and fell upon Richie, kissing him fiercely and rutting against him.

Richie kissed back, licking his tongue and pressing against him. "I've missed you" he said between kisses, "so much. Couldn't stop thinking about you. Thought you hated me." His hands roamed Eddie's back and ass, he pushed the pajama shorts a bit down so he could get a hold of his buttocks and groaned into his mouth.

"Just take them off, Richie!" he pulled himself off of Richie and kicked the shorts off, though his lower half remained hidden under the blanket. He resumed his position on top of Richie and began to kiss him again. "I could never hate you" He brushed back Richie's hair. "I thought you hated *me*! That's why I didn't write you. I was too afraid each letter would just have been you telling me everything was over between us."

Eddie was practically naked and on top of him now. Just thinking about it was almost enough to make him come. His hands found Eddie's ass again, and again his fingers were drawn to his crack, one of them touching his hole lightly. Everything that was happening was

surreal. He even considered himself to be asleep and dreaming the whole thing, it was too good to be true.

He had never had his hands on anyone like this. His mind hadn't even gone this far with his fantasies because he thought that might be worse in the long run.

"Shut up, you're so stupid, holy shit, Eds" He knew if Eddie kept rocking against him he'd come in seconds.

Eddie gasped finger near his ass. Between that and Richie's hard dick pressing against his, Eddie was starting to see spots. He shifted to where he could shove a hand between them and wrapped his fingers around both their cocks.

Richie came hard, his moans muffled against Eddie's mouth as he spilled his cum between them and Eddie kept touching their cocks. He felt so sensitive he thought he was going to die.

Eddie felt Richie cum, but he kept going, pumping his hand clumsily and frantically in the sickness now covering both their dicks. He howled into Richie's mouth as he felt his orgasm crash into him like a high speed collision.

Richie chased Eddie's moans with his mouth as he collapsed against him. That was the hottest thing that had ever happened to him. Then he looked down at their dripping cocks and the mess they'd made.

"I'm surprised you're not freaking out about germs and fluids right now"

"In... a minute.... too fucked... to care..." Eddie huffed between heavy breaths. He continued to massage their spent dicks, lazily, as he wrapped his clean hand underneath Richie's neck and pulled him close to graze their lips and Richie licked at him playfully.

Eddie let himself off Richie and laid beside him. After a few minutes in silence, staring at the ceiling catching their breaths, he found himself gazing at Richie's dick.

Richie's was slightly bigger than his but not by much. He fully turned to his friend and pulled his hand all the way to the top, which made Richie turn to him too. Then he gently knead the heads together with undulating fingers. He grazed his thumb across the top of both, feeling the slits underneath the thick cum. They'd *made* each other cum.

That thought alone sent a shiver down his spine and into the cock in his hand. He hoped Richie wouldn't notice. Not yet at least.

He tilted his head against Richie's shoulder and began to suck at his clavicle, pumping his hand between them once more.

"Eds, wait, if you do that I'm gonna fucking die, I'm too sensitive" Richie laughed.

"Tell me to stop, Richie, and I will." Eddie messily mouthed against the crook of Richie's neck. He kept his hand pumping, though it was at a leisurely pace.

Richie made a strangled noise. "Kiss me"

"Ok" Eddie puffed out along Richie's jugular, licking his way up along the length of his neck before finding his mouth.

"Fuck, Eds, I've wanted you for so long"

Eddie whimpered into his mouth. His cock was at full erection now under his hand, and he could also feel Richie's filling out as well. It was the hottest thing he'd ever felt. The skin pulling taught over the hardening tissue underneath, the moans from Richie's mouth, the way he was involuntarily bucking into his hand.

Richie touched the precum and brought his finger to his mouth. To which Eddie made a face of disgust. But Richie didn't. "Can I suck you off?"

Eddie's eyes widened and his hand came to a screeching halt. "You'd want to do *that*?"

Richie laughed breathlessly. "I'd do more than that, Eds" he smiled nervously.

"Like what?" His voice trembled as his imagination raced.

"Anything" Richie whispered.

Eddie's mouth dried. "I dunno..." He couldn't think. He honestly couldn't think. Too many images ran through his head and that alone was almost enough to push him over. He stole a quick glance at the wet finger that had just been in Richie's mouth. The idea of that mouth on him... He shuddered.

"Let me suck you off"

"Ok" Eddie responded meekly. "D-did you want to use my pj shorts? For the mess, I mean?" He certainly wasn't going to wear them again that night and they could use them to wipe themselves off before Richie inadvertently got their jizz on the bed.

They cleaned up the best they could and prayed no one found out what had happened in that bed. Eddie laid on the bed as Richie placed himself between his open legs. "I've never done this before"

"Neither have I" Eddie laughed giddily.

Richie looked at him with hooded eyes and softly pressed his lips against the head of Eddie's cock.

He opened his mouth and tasted it in an open-mouthed kiss that had Eddie moaning against his own hand.

"*Jesus fucking christ*, Richie!" He bit into his hand as his eyes rolled back into his head.

Richie's hand moved along the length helping him. And put as much as he could inside his mouth, breathing hard.

Eddie reached frantically for Richie's free hand, wanting to hold on to something but not Richie's head. He was new at this and the last thing Eddie wanted to do was force his head down quicker than what he was ready for.

Richie bobbed his head up and down, letting Eddie's cock slide wetly against his tongue. "How's that?"

"It's so good, Richie..." Eddie moaned. "I don't know how you can do it." He arched his back against the bed and tried desperately not to writhe. Instead, an extended moan came pouring out of his mouth.

"Well, you just gotta be really into dick. I've been thinking about yours for years. It's the power of dick." Richie laughed but he was horny as all hell so it came out breathy.

Richie closed his mouth around the cock in his hand and resumed sucking at it as Eddie fought to not pound into Richie's mouth.

Eddie blushed. It wasn't because of Richie's language, but because of how got it felt. Something was missing though. "Rich? Would you touch my balls?" It felt so weird saying it, but he wanted it to happen so bad.

Richie brought his hand and cupped his balls while his mouth kept working on Eddie's cock and he moaned around it. It came to a point where he was so horny he had to rub himself against the mattress. Richie licked at his balls and kissed his groin lazily.

He kept pumping his hand as he kissed his way down Eddie's ass or what he could get of it in that position. He lifted it up a bit and slowly dragged his tongue against his skin, near the crack but not actually getting there, making Eddie shiver.

"Richie, that's- so unsanitary, I think-" But knowing what came next, Richie moved to the crack and let his tongue wander it slowly, listening to the moans coming from his friend. Eddie's hand silently replaced Richie's on his cock so that he could focus in just one thing. He licked up and down, eventually finding the hole and pushing into it. "Oh my God, Rich" Eddie gasped and that made Richie moan out loud against his ass.

"That's so... gross...." Eddie moaned and hissed.

And it really was. What the hell was Richie thinking? But it felt so good.

Eddie kept his eyes plastered closed as he focused on *feeling* Richie's tongue inside him. It felt strong, wet. And he suddenly needed more.



He moved the hand that wasn't frantically pumping his dick, up to his chest, where he teasingly glided it across his pecks until his palm crossed a taught nipple. The sensation sent a wild 'zing' through his system and he immediately took hold of the nub between his thumb and forefinger, and gave it a twist. His eyes shot open and the moan that escaped his mouth was lewd and hungry. "Richie, I'm gonna..."

Richie pushed his tongue in harder, opening him wider as Eddie orgasmed against him. He was so hard he could pound nails with his dick. Richie moved to rest beside Eddie. His friend breathing hard and sweaty.

"That was... something" Richie smirked. "I guess you won't kiss me after that" he laughed a bit.

His dick poking out of his pants, flushed red and dripping. He lazily touched himself. He wanted to come badly.

"Wipe your fucking mouth first..." Eddie panted, out of breath. He tilted his head to see Richie playing with himself and a surge ran through him. "Fuck me, Richie?"

"Dude, you just- you just came. Twice."

"But you haven't" Eddie's face softened. As soft as it could get while he was still dripping with literal cum and lust. "Rich, I really want you inside me right now"

He tenderly brushed the hair out of Richies face with trembling fingers. "And I still want you to wipe your fucking mouth if you're gonna kiss me"

Richie licked the pillow mockingly as if to say 'enough?'

Eddie grabbed his face and crushed it against his own, breathing moans into his mouth. When they broke apart, Eddie pressed their foreheads together and whispered, "Now, fuck me, Tozier"

"Your wish is my command" Richie mumbled drunk in love. He placed himself between Eddie's legs. And pressed against him.

"Uhhh, Eds, this is too tight, I'm gonna hurt you"

"Christ, Richie..." Eddie rolled his eyes and shoved a finger in his mouth before pressing it to his tongue-slick asshole. He bit his lip and let out an extended moan as he pushed it in.

Richie closed his eyes, knowing if he kept looking at Eddie like this he'd come untouched.

Eddie gradually added another finger and began to move them both around. Much like Richie's tongue, the sensation was weird, but not unwelcome. As he worked his fingers, one of them grazed something in him that sent a jolt running through him, his eyes went wide and he let out a quiet cry. He immediately pulled his fingers out and grabbed Richie's head with both hands, though he angled the two wet ones away from his face.

"Richie... I don't know what that was... Rich... Please, just fuck me so I can feel *that* again..."

Richie couldn't even speak. He just pressed again against him and this time it went in, slowly. Richie gasped at how tight it was and began pounding slowly into Eddie, eyes locked with him.

With shaking hands, Eddie pulled a corner of the blanket into his mouth so he wouldn't scream out loud, which is exactly what he wanted to do. He grabbed onto Richie's shoulders and tried to relax against him.

Richie was right, it *did* hurt but, fuck, it also felt so good... He moaned into the sheet as he felt Richie fill him and move about inside him.

Richie increased his rhythm. "Oh, fuck, Eddie" He couldn't even concentrate in anything other than rocking his hips.

Richie rolled his hips just right and Eddie felt it again. "There, Richie! Right there!" He spat the blanket out of his mouth and whined. His fingers dug into the sheets beneath him and twisted. Without thinking, he rolled his own hips up to meet Richie's.

Richie pounded hard into him until he couldn't hold himself back any longer and came inside him, collapsing on top of him. "Eddie, Eddie, Eddie, holy shit..." He bit Eddie's neck as the orgasm rocketed through him.

Eddie clung on to him for dear life as he felt the hot semen shoot into him. "R-rich... T-that was so..." he couldn't even finish his sentence as he felt the waves of everything just crash around him, and the only thought in his head was, *'holy fuck! When can we do this again?'*

Richie laid with him and sighed. "Fuck, Eds, I love you so much, that was so- I'm never washing my mouth ever again"

"Yes, you fucking will" Eddie replied.

Eddie intertwined their legs together to get as much contact as he could from Richie. It just felt so natural. So right. Like this was where their friendship was always leading.

Richie was starting to doze off when they heard someone bumping the wall. And Ben's muffled voice came with it. "I'M **NEVER** HOSTING A SLEEPOVER EVER AGAIN"

"Awww, come on, Ben! We promise we'll behave next time!!! And there's like barely a mess!!" Richie shouted through the wall once he could talk again. The cat was already out of the bag now anyway. No need to be coy about it.

Beneath him, Eddie blushed hard and dug his fingers into Richie's skin where he'd been holding on to him. "Fuck. *You*." He gritted under breath. "Yeah..." He thought out loud. "Definitely... wait a minute. BEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN BEV'S ROOM?"

